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# Dr. Parks—His Book



DR. PARKS

*His Book*

*Edward L. Parks*

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## PROLEGOMENON

The writer, when not occupied in the last few years in trying to relieve suffering humanity—of its money—has dictated to various women at various times these notes, and they were usually taken down immediately on the machine. It is evident that the Apostle John and Madame De Rémusat did not adopt his plan, as their styles are more diffuse.

The writer, however, is fond of the French epigrammatic style of writing, which leaves something to the intelligence and imagination of the reader.

You don't have to hammer an idea into a Boston man with a sledge hammer. But if he has gotten an idea into his head, it often takes a lever longer than Archimedes's to pry it out.

THE AUTHOR.

The author requests that this book shall not be given to any paper or magazine for review nor exposed for sale in any public place.

To his schoolmate and kinsman

CHARLES NEWTON FESSENDEN

a faithful man and fine classical scholar, this attempt  
to glean something from the past is  
affectionately inscribed by

THE AUTHOR









LUTHER PARKS

Born, November 11, 1788

Died, October 25, 1869

## DR. PARKS—HIS BOOK

THE late Dr. James Freeman Clarke thought that the Apostle John dictated to some of his friends, in his old age, the Fourth Gospel. Madame de Rémusat wrote memoirs of the intimate life of Napoleon, which were published a hundred years after her death by her grandson, Paul de Rémusat, senator.

The writer believes that in sixty years of life he has had experiences of sufficient interest, and met some very distinguished people; so that, in humble imitation of the above mentioned writers, he records some notes which may be of interest later.

. . .

He was born sixty years ago, in the South End of Boston, at Hardscrabble, as his grandfather playfully called Blackstone Square. His father was in the active practice of medicine there. It was expected that that would become the Court end of the town. About Franklin and Blackstone Squares are some handsome houses, built on a large plan. Chester Park and Union Park were very handsome squares. Some of us remember the Deacon House farther south, with its Marie Antoinette furniture. The whole Back Bay region was then water. The writer has often skated where Trinity Church stands. When his father was a medical student the medical school was in Mason Street, where the school committee now meets; and as there was no dissection law, the bodies for the students were those of citizens



who had recently been buried in the graveyard on Washington Street, just south of Franklin Square.

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The decadence of the South End began when the writer left it, at the age of twelve, though he cannot consistently say that it was because he left it. The people moved to the new Back Bay district.

∴

His father, Luther Parks, Jr., was born in 1823. He told his son that his memory was distinct to the time that he was two years old, and that he went to 6 Chestnut Street at that age; therefore he went to 6 Chestnut Street in 1825.

His father, when a boy, went to Dr. Leverett's school. Dr. Leverett was the author of the well-known Latin Lexicon. He, the son, had some conversation with Colonel Jeffries, who went to the same school at the same time.

His father taught Latin in a young ladies' school in Boston after graduation from college. Mrs. Thomas Cushing was one of his pupils. Dr. Ernest Cushing is responsible for this statement.

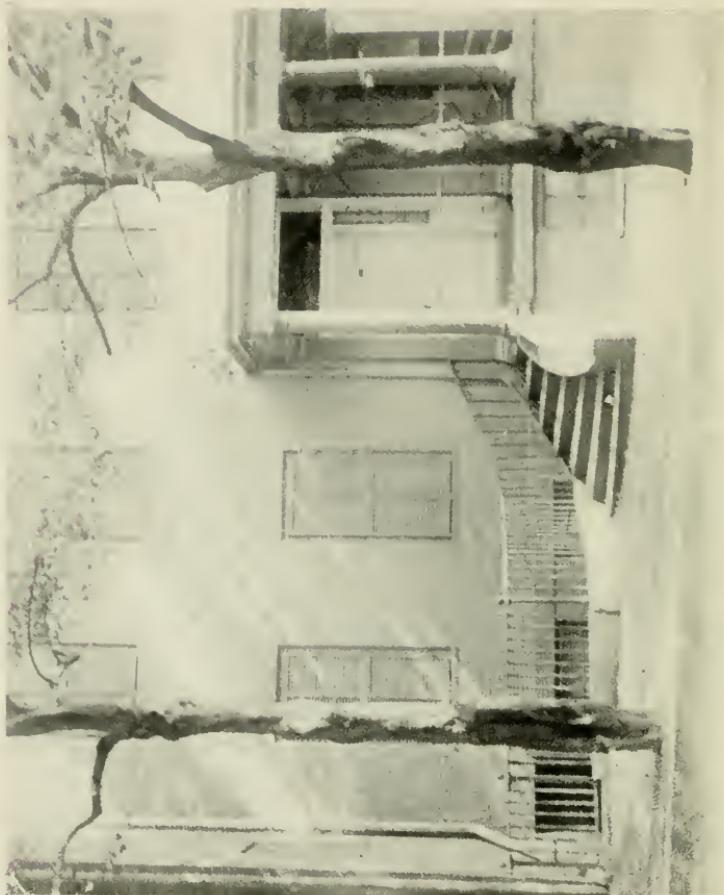
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Julia Dale, who became his mother, lived opposite, the youngest of a family of children, who was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. William Hales. They were married by the Rev. Mr. Young, at the church on the Green in Summer Street, and a record of their marriage, in Mr. Young's beautiful handwriting, was, a few years ago, in charge of the Massachusetts Historical Society, as Dr. Samuel A. Green kindly let him examine it.





SIX CHESTNUT STREET



On their marriage his father started practice in Blackstone Square.

. . .

When Luther Parks, Jr., was a child and was bad, his mother used to whip him with her busk. A busk was a piece of steel which women used to wear in their corsets. One of her friends was allowed to put on to him his first shirt. When he had arrived at manhood she always, when they met, reminded him of it, and he hated her cordially.

. . .

The son's memory is distinct to the time he was three years old, when he went to Dublin and Holland.

He remembers his grandmother very well. She came from Danvers, and had, probably, more aristocratic blood than any of us. She had a beautiful garden, and a grapevine against the house which bore grapes which could be picked from the piazza by the dining room; a pear tree in the middle of the garden, which bore pears; also lilies of the valley, Solomon's seal, and old-fashioned brilliant flowers, peonies, and dahlias. The grapevine disappeared several years ago, but the pear tree, which became about fifty feet high, was cut down when Mr. Green remodeled the house. His grandmother had a white horse which she lent to Colonel Cowdin for a parade upon the Common.

. . .

His father, on his second marriage, took the house in Chestnut Street. As there had to be a music room, he had a dining room made in the front of the house, below the level



of the street. It was very dismal, and he thinks it a step backwards.

. . .

Seventy-five years ago the boys in Chestnut Street, when they counted off, used to say:

“Philissy, Pholossy, Nicholas John,  
Queby, Quaby, Irish Mary.  
Stincklum, Stankelum,  
Johnnie Quo Buck!”

. . .

When he was a boy at 6 Chestnut Street, that was a delightful neighborhood. Opposite were Mr. Patrick Grant and family. Next door a pretty girl, Miss Julia Cunningham, who married Bishop Lawrence. In the house which was next door and the steps corresponded with ours, Mr. Patrick Jackson.

. . .

When General Devens, who was wounded in the foot at Chancellorsville, came home he was at his brother’s house nearly opposite.

. . .

He attended Dan Rice’s circus on the Public Garden. There was a trick mule which Dan Rice offered a piece of gold as big as a cart wheel to any one who would ride. A Negro boy succeeded in remaining on it a long time by twisting his legs around the animal’s neck and holding on tightly to his tail, although the mule turned somersaults. Whether the Negro got the piece of gold is unknown to the writer. One of the clowns sang a song: “Then up jumped Governor Wise



with his specs upon his eyes, and knocked him to the other side of Jordan, Oh!" To what historical fact the clown's song referred is unknown to the writer.

. .

He was sent to the State House to hear Governor Andrew make his plea for a license liquor law. A little man with curly hair, in full dress, with a white tie. He remembers well one argument. That the great cause of drunkenness in New England was the want of innocent, popular amusements. Today Keith's Theater probably prevents many people from drinking too much; and the Sunday concerts on the Common, in the same line.

. .

When Governor Andrew died his body was laid in state, covered with purple. It has since been discovered that "Tyrian purple" was red. Mr. Smith, of Washington, formerly of Boston, who has a classical museum there, is satisfied on this point—that "Tyrian purple" was red.

. .

In the Civil War, Governor Andrew offered a commission as assistant surgeon in the Sixth Massachusetts Infantry to his father, and a very complimentary letter from Governor Andrew on the subject may be found in the "History of the Sixth Regiment in the Civil War," which was kindly lent to him by Dr. Robert Willard. He was also appointed a medical officer of Cobb's, afterwards Nims's, light battery, which the son often saw as a boy drilling on the Common. They were fine-looking men, as no one was accepted under six feet in height. The



battery went with General Banks's unfortunate expedition up the Red River. Inexperienced, they attempted to go through the woods without infantry flankers, and the rebels came in and took their guns away from them; but they were not of much use to the enemy, as their ammunition was a peculiar size of shrapnel made in South Boston, and after the limited supply was exhausted they could find no other to fit. A year or two ago he had the pleasure of a call upon Nims, who commanded the battery, and he was then a druggist, and a very old man, in Cambridge Street. His father did not, for domestic reasons, go to the war with the Sixth Regiment or with Nims's battery; but early in the war, at the request of Governor Andrew, he went with Dr. Gay and others to the Peninsula, and rode from Yorktown to Williamsburg; but he never received a commission from the state or government, so that he has not been eligible to the Loyal Legion.

∴

A few years ago he met in Philadelphia a gentleman named Smith, eighty years old. His father had been a soldier in the American Revolution at Valley Forge and Yorktown. His father told him that at the siege of Yorktown the American soldiers ran along the outside of the walls with ladders, suddenly put them up and climbed over. The night of the surrender the French ships in the river were illuminated with fireworks.

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Luther Parks wrote his son a letter which is preserved to describe his ride from Yorktown to Williamsburg. The ground



was strewn with mines which might explode on contact with the horses' shoes. There were inquiries for General McClellan—mounted officers rode back to find him, but he moved slowly. Dr. George Derby was seen operating under a tree exposed to fire.

. . .

The son went to Yorktown in 1881 as a private in Company B, Independent Corps Cadets. He was sentry on the beach, and once General Arthur, the then President of the United States, passed within a few yards of him, and the soldier twice presented arms to the President. The last evening the sunset was fine, and a salute was fired from the men-of-war in the river—old wooden ships, the *Trenton* flagship, the *Alert*, and *Alliance*. It was a magnificent sight, never to be forgotten.

At Yorktown the Corps was halted at the left of the grand stand and Colonel Edmands chafed at the inaction. The Virginia cadets had passed and there was a gap in the column. An officer called out, "Colonel, if your men are ready you may march past." Instantly Colonel Edmands gave the proper orders.

. . .

On the steamer *Empire State* the writer was a sentry in the cabin. His orders were, "No smoking." The Commander-in-Chief, Governor Long, sat down in an armchair, wrapped his cloak around him, and started to enjoy a postprandial smoke. The sentry saluted and told him "it was against orders to smoke in the cabin." The governor deserves the highest praise for the promptness and good temper with which he threw his cigar away.



In the Civil War General Grant was in command of the whole United States Army. He went on to a wharf to enjoy an after-dinner cigar. The sentry told him it was "against orders to smoke on the wharf." He threw his cigar away. The cases are exactly parallel.

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At the age of about fifteen he went to Labrador on the schooner *Lilla Rich*, eighty-two tons burden. He was gone just two months, and had, for a boy, a very eventful trip. He had some good trout fishing in Nova Scotia; he walked down the coal mines in Cape Breton; he was lowered down one in a bucket; he shot birds in the Magdalen Islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence; he saw about two hundred icebergs in a trip through the Strait of Belle Isle. At Rigolette, the farthest point north, he saw some Labrador Indians of colossal size, and shook hands with some of them at the blacksmith's shop. The writer has seen the Jersey mosquito in former times, but he is a baby compared to the Labrador insect. It was said that a criminal was stripped of his clothes and tied to a tree, and the mosquitoes did the rest. He paddled about the harbor in an Eskimo kyak, and he dug up an Eskimo skull and femur and brought them to Boston. He waited till a fog settled down to rob the grave. These he exhibited to the Boston Society of Natural History, on the introduction of Professor Jeffries Wyman.

Their pilot along the coast was Johnny Williams, who had deserted from the British Navy, settled in Labrador, married an Eskimo woman, and had a lot of half-breed daughters,



whose chief occupation seemed to be to make bags of various sorts with bird skins sewed together. There was no trustworthy chart of the coast later than one made like Captain Cook's, who discovered the Hawaiian Islands. He well remembers Battle Harbor, where recently Lieutenant Commander Peary stopped on his return from the Pole, and where we began to hear from him.

Dr. Wyman, who had measured the internal capacity of the skull with dried peas and taken measurements, said to the Society that that skull alone satisfied him that the Eskimo was a Mongolian. The writer had these as ornaments in his room in Gray's Hall, Harvard College. He afterwards presented them to the Peabody Museum, at the solicitation of Dr. Wyman. The sailors knew he had the skull of an Eskimo aboard, and there was much grumbling and fear of disaster.

When in the Gulf of St. Lawrence there were mutterings among the crew, as the weather became bad, "that they would throw the boy's skull and cross-bone overboard and him with them if the weather stayed bad." He had robbed the grave for strictly scientific purpose, but after all he was only a boy of fifteen. The weather grew worse and worse, and his imagination ran riot as to what might happen. Perhaps the sailors were right, the Eskimo's head might cause disaster to all hands. When kind Captain Dodge laid a hand on his arm as he was asleep and said, "Come, boy, you must give us a hand now," he started up and knew that danger had come.

He was told a story about the Indians at Rigolette. In the fall they went up the Northwest River to hunt. On their



return an old man was missing. On inquiry they said they had found that he did not do his share of the work, so a committee of one was appointed to hit him on the head and push him overboard.

After we had passed through the Strait of Belle Isle, on the return trip, we were nearly wrecked on the lee shore, on the coast of Newfoundland. Our jib broke loose from its sheet, as it was torn near the bottom, and floated in the air in front of the vessel. The mate, a tall man, ran out on the jib boom and with his long legs twined around the boom gathered it in. In his work he was several times submerged, but when he came out of the water he went to work again. Those were *parlous* times.

North of Belle Isle the sun did not set till about ten o'clock. The boy used to spend half the night on deck to watch the Aurora Borealis.

Once he climbed the rigging to the crosstrees. He went up easily enough, but had difficulty about coming down, for he had been lashed to the rigging. It was the reverse of the *Facilis descensus Averni; sed revertari, hic labor hoc opus est.*

What color is an iceberg? White? Not when the sun shines. Then it is blue and green and all colors. The berg melts and water runs down in rivulets. The sunlight is refracted by the water and the berg is resplendent.

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About twelve years after graduation in medicine he went to Vienna to perfect himself in his profession. He had a letter of introduction to Professor Fuchs. The first thing to do



was to familiarize himself with the sound of German, and this was accomplished easily by attendance on the lectures of that grand old North German, Robert Ultzmann, who spoke very slowly. Afterward he spent most of his time in the Krankenhaus. He took mostly practical courses. Bergmeister gave a course on operations on the eye, and this the writer found so valuable that he took it twice over. Königstein gave a course in English on the ophthalmoscope. He also attended various other courses on the eye and a variety of other subjects.

If, when he returned to Boston, he had devoted himself exclusively to practice, he might have made some money, or better, he should have settled in a less conservative and more live place. He had been urged to go to Buffalo, and of course New York is the metropolis.

In answer to a question which has often been asked him, he honestly believes that at that time no such practical, thorough courses on operations on the eye could be obtained anywhere in this country. He was made to do his cataracts and iridectomies over and over again, with attention to the minutest detail, until Klein or Bergmeister was satisfied that he was competent to perform them properly. Bergmeister had some excellent and ingenious plastic operations, one of which the author practiced on an Italian in Boston who had lost an eye by a blast. The author made him an entirely new upper lid, but the Italian was not satisfied, as it did not wink as he expected. However, it covered up an unsightly cavity. He had a very excellent little course on bacteriology with



Weichselbaum. He saw Albert do some surgery, but the surgical courses were very advanced.

After having worked very hard all winter, in the spring he ran up to Dresden for the particular purpose to see the Sistine Madonna. He also saw the crown jewels of Saxony.

He had constantly in mind, when in Dresden, that his late father had been presented at the court of Saxony. His costume had been long white stockings, red garters, and, he thinks, a sword, which were required by etiquette for the occasion. The son owns the first two mentioned articles, which were sent home to him.

He found very advanced work on the eye in Paris. Landolt was a mathematician and an excellent operator. De Wecker did advanced work, but Dr. Meyer was the writer's special patron, as Dr. Fuchs had been in Vienna, and the writer spent many hours at his *Maison de Santé*.

In Vienna he saw something of royalty. He often saw the emperor, Franz Joseph, and received a bow from him on one occasion. At the unveiling of the statue of Maria Theresia, which took place out of doors, he saw the whole Austrian Court out in their fine clothes. He saw the unhappy Crown Prince then and on other occasions. The tragedy connected with him occurred soon after he left Vienna for Paris, but the writer was still in communication with Vienna. The first report was that he had been killed by an infuriated gamekeeper whose daughter he had led astray. All sorts of reports were current, but the old Emperor had merely to express a wish that there should be no further discussion of the subject and all discussion



immediately ceased. He believes the true story to have been told in "The Martyrdom of an Empress," that the Crown Prince had a stormy interview with his father at the palace, which lasted nearly all night, in which the old man insisted that he must give up the woman he wished to marry, Marie Vetsera, as she was his sister. It was a case of double suicide.

He saw a review, near Vienna, of twenty thousand Austrian troops, the best troops in Europe on parade, but as history shows they have never succeeded in any of their wars.

Austria is the most Catholic of all Catholic countries he has ever been in, not excepting Italy or France. Many of the soldiers had sprigs of evergreen (the tips in three parts, to represent the Trinity) in their rifles.

He had the pleasure of attending at the palace the ceremony of the foot-washing, when the emperor is supposed to humble himself every year by washing the feet of twelve old men and women; but it was only a ceremony.

He was very much struck by the uniform of the Hungarian Guards, a leopard skin over their bare shoulders; and he saw among them the Count Hunyadi, a very fierce-looking man.

He saw the Crown Prince of Germany ride into Vienna in a barouche, with one foot on the step to show his eagerness to embrace the Crown Prince of Austria. He probably kissed him on both cheeks. It was said at the time that the Crown Prince of Germany confided to the Crown Prince of Austria that when he became emperor he intended to follow the policy of Frederick the Great; and that the Crown Prince



of Austria reminded him that the policy of Frederick the Great had been to crush Austria.

He spent two winters in Paris, where he studied medicine; but the second winter was there particularly to perfect himself in the ability to speak French. He saw somewhat of the Army. He saw a review near Paris. When he was in Paris there were two marshals, Canrobert and Bazaine. Bazaine was in Mexico with the French. Canrobert, whom he saw, was over ninety years old, and had a distinguished military bearing, though his moustache drooped at the corners.

He met a general at his little hotel who had been under Bazaine in Mexico. He was a man of great learning and lectured on Egyptology at the Louvre. He had a château in France, and was a very delightful companion.

The first time he went to France, on his way to Vienna, he went from New York to Bordeaux, and sailed up the Garonne and the Gironde Rivers in an old Hudson River steamboat, which was very interesting, past medieval châteaux and curious country scenes. Very few Americans visit Bordeaux, and he met there an American consul who was very glad to see him. He had lost a leg at Gettysburg, under General Sickles.

Once, in Paris, he saw about a dozen balloons floating in the air, free. The attention of the crowd was attracted to one of them, and a man in the crowd said, "C'est une Americaine." From under one of the balloons hung by one arm, from a trapeze, a woman. She was Leona Dare, who had been shot out of a catapult in Barnum's Circus.



His father, who was in favor of the abolition of slavery and a free-soiler, was an agent of the underground railway. Mrs. Cruft told him that his father was interested in a fugitive slave, a certain Mrs. Smith, and she was afraid that the owners would come North and claim her; but his father told her that if they came he would take her in his carriage and put her in a place of safety.

When in Philadelphia the son served a short time as assistant in the Pennsylvania Hospital for the Insane, and Dr. Kirkbride was very much pleased when told that his father had been an agent of the underground railway, as he himself had also been one. Dr. Kirkbride had one of the most spiritual characters that he has ever known.

His experience in the Philadelphia Hospital, Blockley, was extremely interesting for a young man. There were about three thousand inmates, and the van used to go through the city picking up all stray people. The young doctors would classify them as they came in; if they were well, they were made to dig in the garden, but if ill, they were sent to proper wards. There were no trained nurses in those days. The hospital was ruled over by a Board of Guardians, many of whom were dishonest; and their superintendent, Phipps, was sent to Moyamensing Prison. At one time they discovered that, though they ordered liquors for the patients, they never received them, but that they were sold and the proceeds divided among the nurses. Although aseptic methods had not come in, they had valuable experiences there. The most startling experience that he ever had in his practice was when, as a young man, he was called up one night



to a man who was bleeding from the nose. His pillow was a mass of blood, and the sight ghastly for a young man. He plugged his nose with a Bellocq canula and stopped the hemorrhage, but as he had a bad heart disease, of course he had another hemorrhage in which he died. Nurse Peterman, who made for the doctors porter sangaree, has, he supposes, long since passed away.

At one time he and his friend, Dr. John Keating, attended three women in confinement. Those were wild old days in Blockley Hospital.

. . .

Some years ago his friend, Dr. Benjamin S. Shaw, asked him to go with him to the old Music Hall to see Professor Graham Bell, who was to talk the length of Music Hall on a wire. He was incredulous that Dr. Bell could do such a thing, but nevertheless went. Since then he has talked on a wire some hundreds of miles.

. . .

On the steamer to Havre he met General Berdan, who invented Berdan's rifle and commanded Berdan's sharp-shooters in the Civil War. He was at Gettysburg, and he told him that story of how a man who was shot through both legs, and dying, begged him to give him another shot at them before he died on the field. General Berdan's daughter was the wife of the novelist Marion Crawford.

. . .

He went to England one winter as surgeon of the Warren steamship *Minnesota*, Captain Burwell. When he left East



Boston it was extremely cold, and the first night on board in the surgery, a little room down forward, was far from comfortable. His port was not screwed up tightly and the water came in and drenched him in his berth. The coalheavers had come aboard, mostly drunk, Saturday afternoon, and the next morning they all appeared at the surgery and asked for black-draught. He had not known what black-draught was, but on consultation of the books he discovered that it was salts and senna. He gave it to them in liberal doses and they thought he was a fine doctor. Afterwards Captain Burwell gave him a cabin aft, and when they reached the Gulf Stream it was warm and pleasant. He had a very smooth passage in January to Liverpool, which occupied eleven days. He had few patients. One of them was a baby who was tongue-tied, and he was anxious as a young doctor to operate, but the mother would not consent. He inquired the sex of the child, and repeated to the mother Professor Gross's familiar joke that if it was a girl-baby it need not be operated on, it would work loose; but if it was a boy an operation was necessary.

There were some Algerines aboard who had escaped from the Penal College at Cayenne. They had been taken off by a Yankee skipper and brought to Boston, but the authorities would not let them land, but put them on our steamer to be sent to England, and ultimately to France. They were in the steerage and they suffered horribly from chillblains. They laid in the straw without blankets, as they had none and he failed to get any for them from the captain or purser. They were all branded on the cheek, and as they gathered around the



smokestacks to warm themselves they pulled their shawls, which they carried over their heads, over that side of the cheek to conceal the brands from view.

. . .

When he was in the dispensary at the North End of Boston he attended the wake of one of his patients, which appealed to his sense of humor. There was the tobacco and the pipes on the table for the friends. The widow rocked to and fro and was very demonstrative in her grief. The friends bowed and courtesied to the corpse as they came in, and the whole scene was almost an exact reproduction of the wake scene in the "Shaughraun." He considers the wake scene in the "Shaughraun" one of the best bits of Irish humor in all the comedies with which he is familiar; and the wittiest speech of all was when Conn, the Shaughraun, sits up in his coffin and says, "Ah! the devil must be proud of you, Corrie Kinchella."

He had the pleasure to meet Boucicault at the Boston Museum, in Mrs. Vincent's dressing room. She introduced the two men. It was during a matinée. Boucicault said: "Doctor, you have chosen an unfortunate afternoon; the audience hasn't waked up yet. Every actor knows exactly when an audience begins to be in sympathy with him; until that moment to act is a hard task; after that it is easy."

Mr. Boucicault as a playwright was a plagiarist. Mrs. Vincent told the writer that when, as a young woman, she acted with him in the old country, that one day they rehearsed their parts. She studied her part from a printed book; the other actors from manuscript which Boucicault had given them.



Boucicault asked her what she was doing with that book; she replied that it was easier to study print than manuscript, and that he had taken his play from an old play, "The Liar." He had stolen pretty near the whole play. In spite of this fault he was, however, a delightful man to meet.

Mrs. Vincent's maiden name was Mary Anne Farley.

. .

Who has forgotten the German doorkeeper at the Boston Museum, with the *schmiss* on his face? Mrs. Vincent told the writer a good story about him which the writer thinks advisable not to print. But he can relate it on application.

. .

When at Luzern he lived opposite a house where the morganatic widow of the Emperor Alexander of Russia lived. She used to dine in the garden, and the man-servant who waited upon her always addressed her as "Princesse." She had a son constantly under the tutelage of Dr. ——.

. .

When he was in Paris he visited a mushroom cave outside the Barrier, at Mont Rouge. He descended a ladder about forty feet. He had a stout cane. The farmer, a big, strong man, told him to leave it outside, which he did. It would not do for an Anglo-Saxon to show fear of a Frenchman. But he might easily have not come out of the cave alive. And the world would never have known what had become of him.

In Paris he lived opposite the great Ricord.

The professor was really an American. When he died he was within a few months of being ninety years old.



The writer visited him *sur son lit de mort*. He laid on the bed in his evening clothes, surrounded by six candles which rose from the floor to the height of several feet. Flowers were strewn on the bed. His great-grandchildren were playing about in the room.

∴

He went out to the Pacific coast to make his fortune. When at Santa Barbara he was invited to go off on the Coast Survey steamer *McArthur*, which was triangulating the coast. At San Bernardino Captain Leutze gave the doctor a leave of absence of a week, and the writer took his place. He went ashore with a young officer to climb a hill and put a signal on the top for the triangulation. When most up the hill they began to slide, and they might have slid two or three hundred feet if a sailor had not climbed the side of the hill like a cat and let a line down to them. The last he heard of the *McArthur* she had been at the bottom of the sea in San Francisco harbor; but she was brought up.

When in San Francisco the Bannock Indians in the lava beds of Oregon broke out into rebellion. He appealed to Colonel Keaney, medical director of the Pacific coast, for a job. He promised to send him off as contract surgeon, with a horse and a hundred dollars a month for the war. The colonel said there was not much fight in those Indians, and all he would have to do would be to ride around, and he might buy some trophies; but the Princess Sarah Winnemucca, an educated woman, persuaded the Indians not to fight, and he was much disappointed. O the trouble the women do make! Sarah



Winnemucca and Sarah ——; but the white woman made a great deal worse trouble than the red one.

. . .

When the Spanish War broke out he was in Washington, and again became very anxious to serve in a military capacity. He offered his services to General Sternberg, whom he met at the Cosmos Club, both before the war broke out and afterwards, and he wrote from Philadelphia to urge his suit. There was one thing that he didn't do, he didn't apply to his Congressman, or use any political influence, and he didn't get the job which he coveted very much, as he was anxious to serve his country.

. . .

Up to as late as the time that he was in college there was a well of sweet water in the back shed at 6 Chestnut Street, about two-thirds of the way down. He thinks he could put his foot on the exact spot. All the wells in Chestnut Street, the one at No. 6, the one at Jerry Abbott's house opposite, the one at Mr. Coolidge's house (low down in Chestnut Street), were closed by order of the Board of Health. Mr. Gay, who bought Jerry Abbott's house, tells him that now in his deed is a provision which permits his back neighbors to use his well, although the well has been closed.

By the way, Professor John C. Dalton, of New York, came to Boston to see his father. As his father was not in, he inquired for Mrs. Parks, who came down to see Professor Dalton. He did not introduce himself, but said abruptly, "Those trees in front of the house ought to be cut down; they make the



house too damp." That must have happened about 1870, and those trees have not yet been cut down.

Recently Mrs. Kehew told him that her house, 27A, nearly opposite Spruce Street, was built about one hundred years ago. Bulfinch was the architect.

He thinks the house occupied by Dr. J. Baxter Upham is the one now occupied as a boarding house. A few years ago this house had wall paper representing in large patterns human figures, if not historical scenes; at any rate, it was interesting wall paper. What has become of it?

. . .

The best sermon the writer ever heard James Freeman Clarke preach was on the text, "Muzzle not the ox that treadeth out the corn."

He told the writer that it was known that Christopher Columbus had been in Iceland—three miles from a monastery where records were kept of the voyages of the Northmen to America.

He considers it a great privilege that he grew up under the personal counsel and religious instruction of James Freeman Clarke. Among the other people in Boston who had a great influence upon his life, though some years later, was Mrs. J. R. Vincent, the actress at the Boston Museum, with whom he had his office the last two years of her life, and was with her at her deathbed. He had the privilege of bringing these two noble characters together. While living with Mrs. Vincent he had the privilege of meeting the wonderful comedian, William Warren, although, contrary to general be-



lief, they were not personal friends. Warren was an atheist; Mrs. Vincent, on the contrary, a very strong churchwoman; which was the only reason why she had no liking for William Warren. She admired him extremely as an actor. Mrs. Vincent knew the English language perfectly, and she knew nothing whatever of any other language. The writer received from her some valuable training in the pronunciation of English; but, best of all, he got from her some of her wonderful regard for the lower animals, which she carried farther than any one with whom he has had acquaintance.

Mrs. Vincent told him that "The Rivals" was the finest comedy in the English language.

After Mrs. Vincent's death the Vincent Memorial Hospital was founded, chiefly through the instrumentality of one earnest lady, not primarily for women patients, but as a hospital for women doctors. She had a positive hatred of women as doctors, and the writer thinks that a hospital for women singularly unfortunate as a memorial for Mrs. Vincent. If it had been a hospital for disabled firemen, whom she loved, or for horses or dogs, it would have been more appropriate.

. . .

After having left college, by the advice of Professor Jeffries Wyman, he studied chemistry with Dr. Gibbs in the Lawrence Scientific School, in preparation for the study of medicine.

Some years before, Dr. Gibbs and one Charles W. Eliot were rivals for the chair of chemistry in the Scientific School, and Dr. Gibbs won. When Eliot became president of the University he never visited the Scientific School officially, but



summoned Dr. Gibbs over to University Hall. Probably Dr. Gibbs felt the indignity. It is certain that we young men did. Dr. Gibbs was a man of great personal dignity.

. . .

His grandfather had two stories which he delighted to tell about Peter Harvey, who took care of Daniel Webster when drunk and lent him money. He, Peter Harvey, was a very stout man and had an enormous thigh and leg. He went to Washington to give President Lincoln advice as to his (the President's) policy. Lincoln listened to him attentively, and when he had finished slapped his (Peter Harvey's) thigh and said, "By George! Mr. Harvey, your leg is most as big as mine."

There was a man named Cheatham who had his office in the neighborhood of the writer's grandfather's office. Peter Harvey had his also in the same neighborhood. His grandfather had had some dealing with Peter Harvey, and the latter felt that he had not been fairly treated, though Luther Parks was a very honest man. One day a man stopped at Harvey's office to inquire for Mr. Cheatham, and Harvey directed him to Luther Parks'. He recognized at once who had done it. He said it was the only bright thing he ever knew Peter Harvey to do.

. . .

Lieutenant Dale was born in the Arsenal grounds in Springfield, Massachusetts.

Lieutenant John Blake Dale was second in command of the United States Exploring Expedition to the Dead Sea



and the Jordan, and artist of the expedition. The illustrations in Lynch's book are from his (Dale's) pencil.

He would have been in command, but he was thought to be too young. He left two sons, William Hales Dale and John. Their guardians were Luther Parks and Eben Dale. When but eighteen years of age, Johnnie began to spit blood, and Dr. Parks put him aboard the *Fleetwood*, Captain Dale, of Gloucester, bound round Cape Horn. The writer well remembers the ship in Boston Harbor, its rigging covered with ice and snow. She was lost off the coast of Patagonia, and was said to have struck an iceberg in the night. One boatload only reached the shore. Johnnie Dale was lost.

Eben Dale employed detectives to question these sailors in New York to learn if there had been foul play. But they held consistently to their story—that the vessel had struck an iceberg in the night. The detectives lived with them and drank with them.

What a noble man old Eben Dale was!

The log of Lieutenant Dale is in several volumes in the Massachusetts Historic Genealogical Society.

He was two weeks on a desert island in the Southern Ocean, and his drinking cup was a shell. Wilkes ordered him ashore in charge of a boat to get water, with orders to return at once. Dale thought the surf too heavy and waited. Wilkes sailed away and did not return for a fortnight. When Dale came aboard he was put under arrest. This, he wrote, was "a welcome with a vengeance." Wilkes afterwards admitted that his delay was due to inexperience.







“THAT BOY”

There was not any relationship between Eben Dale, of Gloucester, and William H. Dale, though William was intimate with Eben and Theron Dale. Julia Dale was not legally adopted by William Hales and his wife. Julia Dale was the youngest of a large family of children—twelve.

. .

When he was a boy at Miles's Military School at Brattleboro, Vermont, he was a corporal. When he passed his vacations at 6 Chestnut Street his father required him to wear his uniform with his red chevrons. It was war time and he was much in evidence in the street.

Thirty or forty years later he was presented to Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. She asked at once, in her epigrammatic way, "Are you that boy?" He admitted that he was.

He asked Mrs. Julia Ward Howe if the lines in the Battle Hymn of the Republic, "In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea," had any special reference. She said it was merely a figure of speech.

At another time he asked her how she acquired her beautiful speaking voice. She replied that as a girl the family used to read aloud evenings.

. .

On one occasion Governor Andrew visited Mrs. Howe at her house in Chestnut Street. As housekeeping was not her strong suit, she sent to Mrs. Parks to borrow some sheets for His Excellency to sleep in. His father declared that he was going, when they were sent back, to cut them up into pocket handkerchiefs for the family as souvenirs of the governor.



At Brattleboro the boys had buttons with the letter M.  
Some town boy said:

“Miles’s mighty mean militia,  
Marching Monkeys,  
Military Mules.”

∴

As a boy he knew a dear old gentleman, Henry Burroughs, more than eighty years old. He remembered well the War of 1812. He said that the boys on the Common—the boys when they felt jolly—“used to throw up their caps and then their wigs.” The writer believes it is a historical fact that boys in Boston in the early part of the nineteenth century wore wigs.

∴

There used to be a class of bores, now nearly or wholly extinct, who had seen Taglioni dance. None had ever danced like Taglioni. None would ever again dance like Taglioni, in their opinion.

∴

The writer may be tiresome in his belief that there never was a place like old Chestnut Street. Eben Dale, Dr. Lothrop, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Richard H. Dana lived there. The automobile has done much to ruin it.

∴

Dr. Lothrop was the last chaplain of the First Corps of Cadets, and enjoyed the dinner of the Corps at the Parker House. He looked more like a fox-hunting, Irish gentleman than a minister of Brattle Street Church.



Dr. B. Joy Jeffries's grandfather crossed the British Channel from France to England in a balloon. He went as a passenger, having signed a written agreement to jump into the sea if it became necessary to lighten the load. As they neared England there was danger that they would strike the chalk cliffs. Jeffries began to undress, preparatory to jumping; but the balloon took, fortunately, an upward turn and he remained.

One hundred years later Dr. Jeffries celebrated the event at his grandfather's request by a reception at 15 Chestnut Street. The barometer and other instruments carried and the clothes worn by Jeffries were shown. The writer was one of the guests and had the honor, at the request of Dr. Jeffries, to explain to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes the various objects of interest shown.

In one hundred years there had been no improvement in the art of ballooning.

. . .

Dr. Henry W. Williams told Dr. Luther Parks that artists, to denote the expression of piety, make the eyes converge slightly as well as look upward.

. . .

George Burroughs was a short time in Harvard College and then went to West Point. He was third in his class and entered the Engineer Corps. He graduated in 1861 just in time to go into the Civil War. He was at Chattanooga and Nashville. At the former he seized a saber and rushed into the fight, which an engineer officer should not do. He became



a major. He was on duty in Boston. He built the break-water at Provincetown and had his first independent command as inspector of a lighthouse district.

George Burroughs was known at the Academy and in the Army by his classmates as "Los." At West Point, in the Spanish class, they had read about "Los Burros"—the rabbit. The present General MacKenzie of the Engineer Corps was one of his classmates. The former General U. S. Grant said of him many years ago that he was the brightest young man in the Army.

When George Burroughs died, the writer was sent by his father to announce the sad event to General Foster. He found the general at home in the second-story front room of a house in Franklin Square, opposite Washington Street.

He said to the general, "Major Burroughs is dead, sir." And the general replied, "The devil you say." That was all.

He was a brave and brilliant officer.

George Burroughs told a story of something that happened at West Point. A boy took a loaded shell to the point, put it between his knees and hammered it on a rock. Soon there was nothing left of the boy. This is true history.

∴

In his time, the old English pronunciation of Latin went out and the new Continental came in. With President Eliot came in the elective system, which the writer believes is not an unmitigated blessing. Many of the students selected such courses as would enable them to get their degree with the least amount of study; and it is a question if the old iron-bound







THE FINISHED PRODUCT

course did not produce better scholarship, though it may not have prepared men as well for the special schools. There used to be families of scholars. Horace Binney Sargent, Lucius Manlius Sargent and the Morisons, Charles Sumner, Charlemagne Tower were all scholars. The degrees ought to be conferred, as formerly, in Latin, which has always been the language of scholars. President Eliot has conferred them in English, the great mercantile language.

∴

What Boston boy has forgotten the enormous lobsters which were exposed for sale in wheelbarrows in front of the Boylston Market? They were red and were fully eighteen inches long. The men used to go about with the barrows and cry, "Buy a lob—lob—lob. Buy a lob."

∴

Captain Jackson says that Mr. Thomas Gaffield is authority for the statement that manganese causes the purple color in the glass on the south side of Beacon Street.

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